THE
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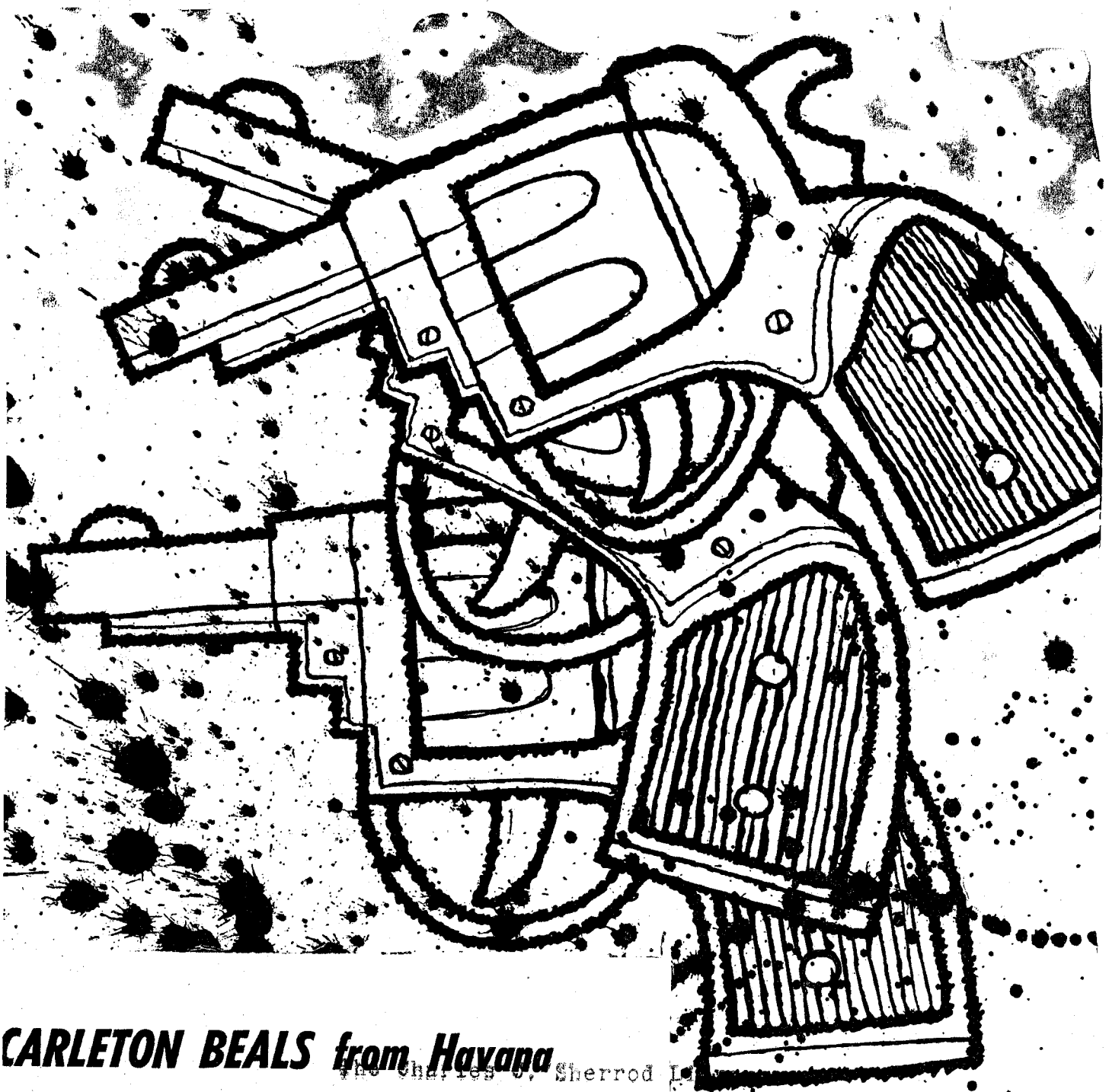

CARLETON BEALS from Havana

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THE NEW CRIME of CUBA

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LETTERS

Courage for Peace

Dear Sirs: Geoffrey Barraclough's article, Courage for Peace, in your June 15 issue is one of the most important pieces I have seen since the cold war started. If Mr. Dulles cannot bring himself to understand what Mr. Barraclough is saying, he is in for grief. Naturally, I think Mr. Barraclough's most important proposal is that our country take the lead in placing economic aid in the hands of an international agency—instead of fighting that step for ten long years in the United Nations. If we ever do, I predict our whole foreign policy will become, quite suddenly, more manageable.

STRINGFELLOW BARR

New York, N.Y.

Challenge to a Critic

Dear Sirs: May I ask the courtesy of your columns to comment on Joan Robinson's review of *The Political Economy of Growth* by Paul A. Baran (*The Nation*, June 1)? To call Baran's economic analysis "slapdash" is grossly unfair. I know from personal experience how painstakingly the theoretical sections were worked over. Mrs. Robinson's strictures on specific points are no more solidly grounded.

It is simply not true that Baran "brings out the moth-eaten argument that a Keynesian policy is impossible in the developed capitalist countries, because budget deficits cause inflation." As readers can readily convince themselves, the discussion beginning on page 123 is designed to show (1) that a policy of *perpetual* deficits incurred in financing *unproductive* outlays has consequences in the form of an inflationary "overhang" that make it dangerous and unacceptable to capitalists; and similarly (2) that other methods of financing ever-expanding, unproductive undertakings, of which armaments are the best example, must in the long run lead to difficulties and contradictions. The point is not that Keynesian policy is "impossible," but that under realistic capitalist conditions it is not the panacea its more simple-minded advocates have made it out to be. A serious discussion of these questions by Mrs. Robinson would be most desirable.

There is nothing "wildly hypothetical" about Baran's historical analysis. With respect to India and Japan, Baran argues that India stagnated and Japan developed because the former was colonized and the latter was not. No one can *prove* that but for the British occupation, India also would have developed, but the conjecture is certainly not "wild." And again, a serious discussion by Mrs. Robinson of the substantial issues at stake would be very welcome.

Why does Mrs. Robinson object to the argument that "if only socialism had been established in the advanced countries Stalinism would not have occurred"? To raise this question, and to attempt a serious answer to it (as Baran does), involves tackling the decisive problem of the nature of Stalinism. Does Mrs. Robinson want to ignore this problem? Or does she have a different theory from Baran's? One would like to know.

In Mrs. Robinson's view, Baran shows insufficient enthusiasm for birth control, and she is surely entitled to her annoyance. But do her remarks on this subject indicate that she is on the side of those who maintain that *in the here and now* population growth is the decisive obstacle to the development of backward countries? If so, she and Baran are certainly in sharp disagreement. But this question she unfortunately leaves untouched.

Finally, Mrs. Robinson's concluding paragraph seems to me unworthy of so exacting a theorist. She quotes from Baran's preface to the effect that "Only the advanced countries' progress and guidance on the road to a socialist democracy will terminate the untold suffering to which mankind has been condemned thus far," and she retorts: "If development has to wait for socialism in the now prosperous capitalist countries the outlook is gloomy indeed. This line of argument is surely ill-judged as well as unnecessarily pessimistic. Only when the advanced capitalist countries are satisfied that *they* need not disturb themselves will they tolerate, and so permit, the drastic social changes required to set the colonial, and ex-colonial and quasi-colonial, nations on a hopeful path."

Of course, Baran is not arguing that "development has to wait for socialism in the now prosperous capitalist countries." He is arguing that without their help, development involves and will continue to involve untold suffering. And the whole point of the book is to prove that as long as they remain capitalist they will not tolerate or permit any more social change than *force majeure* obliges them to. Mrs. Robinson may disagree, but it is hard to excuse her apparent failure to see that this *is* the point of the book.

PAUL M. SWEEZY

Cambridge, Mass.

[*Mrs. Robinson replies to Mr. Sweezy in these columns next week.—Ed.*]

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

A Day to Remember

For once, turning the clock back spells progress. Senator Jenner, seldom quoted with approval in these pages, has summed up the significance of the Supreme Court's decisively important decisions in the Service, Sweezy, Smith Act and Watkins cases—and the earlier decision in the Clint Jencks case—with aptness and finality: the Court, he said, has "put us back where we were twenty years ago."

Not quite twenty years, but back approximately to the point where we stood early in 1947, when President Harry S. Truman inaugurated the witch hunt with his disastrous Executive Order setting up the loyalty program and his Attorney General, now Justice Clark, timed the first Smith Act prosecution to undercut the Progressive Party in 1948. For the most part, the Supreme Court, in its new decisions, has not blazed fresh trails; it has stopped a ten-year detour and, by pointing to the old familiar signposts, has redirected the nation toward freedom.

In the Sweezy and Watkins decisions, the Court indicated a willingness to extend the old frontiers and may actually have pushed them forward a notch or two, but several reasons make it difficult to measure the gains. As Ephraim S. London points out in his analysis of the Watkins decision which follows this comment, much depends upon the extent to which the Court is willing to follow the dictum of the majority opinion in future cases. But real comfort may be found in the fact that five colleagues joined in the opinion of the Chief Justice, which was also concurred in by Justice Frankfurter in a separate opinion; this constitutes an impressive majority. One can assume, therefore, that the Court will support, if necessary, the broad implications involved.

The decision in the Sweezy case rests on a less substantial majority, due to the nature of the concurring opinions, but could lead nevertheless to important new departures in constitutional doctrine. Both the Chief Justice and Justice Frankfurter drew lines around educational institutions that, if deepened and fortified, would extend to the entire academic community the full protection of the First Amendment. The Chief Justice warned against imposing "any strait-jacket" upon intellectual leaders in colleges and universities, while Justice Frankfurter's concurring opinion lays the foundation for the extension of First Amendment freedoms to cover the whole range of academic activity. "In a university," he said, "knowledge is its own end, not merely a means to an end. A university ceases to be true to its own nature if it becomes the tool of church or state or any sectional interest. A university is characterized by the spirit of free inquiry, its ideal being the ideal of Socrates—'to follow the argument where it leads.' This implies the right to examine, question, modify or reject traditional ideas and beliefs." The decisions in this case are bright with promise; it remains to be seen whether the promise will be fulfilled.

Even if the Court's recent labors have been more specifically directed to restoring the ancient edifice than to new construction, Monday, June 17, 1957, is still a day to remember, for on this day the Supreme Court rejected some of its own doubts and misgivings of the last decade and reaffirmed its confidence in freedom as a way of life. Justice Black's concurring opinion in the Smith Act case makes the meaning clear:

> Doubtless, dictators have to stamp out causes and beliefs which they deem subversive to their evil regimes. But governmental suppression of causes and beliefs seems to me to be the very antithesis of what our Constitution stands for. The choice expressed in the First Amendment in favor of free expression was made against a turbulent background by men such as Jefferson, Madison and Mason—

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men who believed that loyalty to the provisions of this amendment was the best way to assure a long life for this new nation and its government. Unless there is complete freedom for expression of all ideas, whether we like them or not, concerning the way government should be run and who shall run it, I doubt if any views in the long run can be secured against the censor. *The First Amendment provides the only kind of security system that can preserve a free government*—one that leaves the way wide open for people to favor, discuss, advocate, or incite causes and doctrines however obnoxious and antagonistic such views may be to the rest of us. (Emphasis added.)

But the Supreme Court can't finish the job. With courage, insight and boldness, it has restored to the people much of the ground that appeared to have been surrendered beyond retrieve to the bigots and the fear-ridden in a moment of panic and blind unreason. But if the tribunal's leadership is not supported, if it does not strike a response in the people themselves, then June 17 will mark not a turning point in the domestic cold war, but merely a brief armistice before the battle resumes. "Constitutions," Burke said, "must be defended by the wisdom and fortitude of men. These qualities no constitution can give." Nor can any court confer them. Will the people, responding to the Court's leadership, now compel the occupants of executive and legislative offices to emerge from the foxholes in which they have hidden these last ten years and begin to act a little more like men, a little less like mice? However the ultimate decision goes, the Court has done its part.

The Watkins Decision

BY EPHRAIM S. LONDON

In evaluating the opinion we must consider two aspects: (1) the holding (i.e. the enunciated rule of law essential to the determination of the case); and (2) the general observations made by the Court in announcing its decision. Only the holding is binding upon other government authorities or agencies. The Court's general observations, which lawyers call dicta, are not. They are, however, of great interest as a guide to the Court's thinking, or if you will, its bias, which may be determinative of other cases.

It is the Court's general reflections in the Watkins case that give the greatest hope.

Watkins had been convicted of refusing, upon questioning by the House Committee on Un-American Activities, to name former members of the Communist Party. The Supreme Court reversed the conviction. The Court's holding in the case is an extension of the generally accepted rule that conduct may not be punishable as a crime unless one has advance notice, or a reasonable opportunity to determine, that the conduct is a penal offense. The rule requires that a penal measure must be sufficiently definite and precise so that all affected may know what conduct is prohibited. That is a requirement of due process (which is just another term for fair play), for it is unjust to punish a man for an act unless he has some reasonable warning or opportunity to learn that the act is considered a violation of law.

The majority of the Supreme Court found that Watkins had been denied due process when he was punished for refusing to answer the questions put to him by the House Un-American Activities Committee. The statute under which Watkins had been prosecuted makes it a penal offense for a witness to refuse to answer a question put by a Congressional committee if the question is pertinent to the matter under inquiry. The Supreme Court held that the resolution creating the House Un-American Activities Committee was so loosely worded, and the committee's investigations were so broad and all-encompassing, that Watkins could not have known what matters were properly under inquiry by it. He could not, therefore, have known what questions the committee had a right to ask—which he could be compelled to answer—and what matters he could properly refuse to disclose because they were beyond its authority to investigate.

In reaching its conclusions, the Court (in the opinion written by Chief Justice Warren) made a number of general observations. The Congressional power to investigate is not unlimited; Congressional investigations must relate to the legislative functions of Congress, and investigations made solely to expose private citizens are improper. Even in authorized investigations the constitutional rights of witnesses must be respected by Congress, and there may not, in such investigations, be any interference with one's political associations or belief. "The mere summoning of a witness," the Court added, "and compelling him to testify against his will about his beliefs, expressions or associations is a measure of governmental interference."

As a result of the decision, the House Committee on Un-American Activities and the Senate Committee on Internal Security will not be able to function, under their present authorizations, as they have in the past. The committees may still conduct investigations into "subversion," but there will be little purpose in summoning any but friendly witnesses or informers. The Court's holding in the Watkins case may perhaps be circumvented by imposition or adoption of

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EPHRAIM S. LONDON, a member of the New York Bar, is a leading authority on constitutional law. He represented Dr. Harry Slochower in the latter's successful appeal to the Supreme Court in Board of Education of New York vs. Slochower.

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more narrowly defined limits of authority to the investigating committees, and the creation of legislative pretext for inquiries. But if the Court follows its dictum in the case, then no Congressional inquiry into political association will be tolerated.

TV: Stupidity vs. Simplicity

In a recent week, two of America's most successful showmen, Goodman Ace and Elia Kazan, made substantially the same charge against television: it underestimates the intelligence of its audience; it caters to the twelve-year-old mentality. That is why it is falling into a youthful decay.

The criticism has a familiar ring—for years it has been levelled against the movies each time the national box office has declined. If it has never been effective against the crudities of Hollywood, if it shows no sign of correcting the imbecilities of Madison Avenue, the reason may be that it is the wrong criticism.

Television, like the movies before it, is a medium of mass entertainment. It cannot seek out a specially interested or specially trained audience; it must pitch its show to a common denominator. This is usually called the lowest common denominator and the adjective is mischievous, for we assume in this context that what is low is also bad. What is really meant is the broadest common denominator—the level at which the greatest number of people can understand and appreciate one another. In its day, *Oedipus Rex* was pitched to that level and, whatever may have been the target of his court comedies, Shakespeare was not addressing selected groups with *Macbeth* or *Richard II*. They were keyed to the broadest common denominator —the lowest, perhaps, being solicited by bear-baiting and the entertainments beneath Tyburn gallows.

Levels and ages have nothing to do with the case. No one worries about the intellectual level of *Easy Street* or, to take a more recent and less remarkable example, of *High Noon*; no one asks what mental age was being appealed to by *Oklahoma!* The producers of mass entertainment are quite right to turn away from such criticism, for they know that the audience they require can be attracted only by simplicity.

But simplicity is beautiful and it endures; stupidity is what is low and ugly, and in the end it fails because it does not appeal to any level of human experience.

The Lamb Case: A Final Word

After three and a half years of bitter litigation, Edward O. Lamb has finally won complete vindication in his effort to force the Federal Communications Commission to renew his license to operate WICU-TV in Erie, Pennsylvania. *Nation* readers are familiar with the facts of the case which, from the outset, were followed with close attention in these pages as well as with consistent editorial support for the position taken by Mr. Lamb. (See comments: June 12, 1954; February 5, 1955; June 2, 1955; December 24, 1955.) Industrialists less "naive" would have succumbed to the pressures—including that of overt political blackmail—brought to bear on him to sell his valuable radio and TV properties. But Mr. Lamb was just "naive" enough to believe that in the end the action against him was bound to fail despite the use of professional informers carefully coached by biased officials and the expenditures of an estimated $900,000 of government funds. "This bitter fight," he writes, "is past. It should never have been started, and now that it is over we can forget the wicked motivations, the untruths and the organized smears. I shall continue as a liberal and as an independent. I want to aid the cause of underprivileged people everywhere and assist in obtaining a world tolerant of the novel and the unpopular, which pays its highest tribute to the progressive and to the pioneer."

Who's Stopping Disarmament Now?

Washington

Harold Stassen has been under attack for doing the right thing. In an affair of life and death for mankind, he was entirely justified in putting a first-stage disarmament treaty ahead of the pride, or imagined national interests, of a few European countries. He has been criticized especially for exchanging ideas with the Soviet delegate in the London negotiations before the NATO allies approved the latest American proposals. The fact is that the attitude of some Allies has been impeding progress. It is a tribute to Stassen's perspicacity if he has been giving priority to a U.S.-Soviet accord in the negotiations, for it is inconceivable that were such an agreement attained, any ally would assume the onus of trying to torpedo it.

It has been said on good authority that Stassen endeavored to move forward in private conversations with Valerian Zorin of Russia because he feared that Konrad Adenauer's visit to Washington last month might stretch a tripwire across the disarmament discussions. Indeed, Adenauer showed there was reason for this anxiety. At a news conference in Washington, the West German Chancellor insisted Europe must be omitted from the initial disarmament treaty. He later retracted a little in public, but only after his advisers—notably his Foreign Minister, Herr von Brentano—realized that the Chancellor's indiscretion was casting the German Federal Republic as the principal roadblock against arms reduction and control. The Germans still appear to be approving aerial inspection but opposing ground inspection. However, they can-

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not possibly maintain this opposition if others open their territories to ground surveillance.

The Germans are by no means the only saboteurs. The French government suffered a nervous breakdown at the suggestion that manufacture of nuclear weapons might be halted before France begins producing nuclear bombs. And, as if deliberately bent on derailing the London talks, the French are suggesting that any European zone of inspection must reach to the Urals. They know, of course, that the Soviets will never accept a plan opening the heart of industrial Russia to scrutiny while leaving the entire United States closed.

The British have also been dragging their feet. They've been arguing that a partial disarmament accord would let the Russians stand pat and shelve major political settlements like German unification. Britain has further been showing reluctance towards stoppage of nuclear-arms output for two reasons: first, their intention of switching to such weapons explains their announcement that they plan to cut their manpower from 690,000 to 375,000 in the next five years; second, a standstill at this stage would leave the British with a relatively tiny stockpile compared to those of the United States and Soviet Union.

Except for Stassen, the Eisenhower Administration has been presenting the issue upside down. Secretary Dulles told reporters we shall never place a bilateral agreement with Russia ahead of relations with our allies. Every thinking citizen must know, however, that the greatest good we could bestow upon our allies, ourselves and people everywhere would be to end the U.S.-Soviet rivalry in nuclear-war preparations.

THE NEW CRIME of CUBA . . *by Carleton Beals*

Haiti's Welcome to Carleton Beals

Two weeks ago, *The Nation* sent Carleton Beals, veteran journalist and author who has spent a good part of his professional life covering revolutions, to report on conditions in Cuba and Haiti, the current hotpots of the Caribbean. Mr. Beals visited Cuba first; the first of two articles he has written from Havana appears below. He then flew to Port au Prince in Haiti. Shortly after his arrival, a Haitian army officer, accompanied by a group of soldiers with rifles, broke into his hotel room. *The Nation* has lodged a protest against this harassment of an American correspondent with Secretary of State Dulles and with U.S. Ambassador Gerold A. Drew in Haiti.

The author of more than a score of books—a dozen of them about Latin America—Mr. Beals began writing for *The Nation* in 1921. Among the stories he has covered for this magazine were the rise of Mussolini in Italy, the consolidation of the modern Mexican state in the twenties and the invasion of Nicaragua by the U.S. Marines in 1927. He has also written extensively from other parts of Latin America, where he lived and travelled for many years. Among his books are *Banana Gold* (1931), *The Crime of Cuba* (1933), *America South* (1937), *Pan America*: a Program for the Western Hemisphere (1940), *Rio Grande to Cape Horn* (1947), *Our Yankee Heritage* (1951).

Mr. Beals's report from Haiti will be published in next week's issue.

1. Terror Under the Neon Lights

Havana

TERROR IN the night, bombed homes and cafes, murders by army and police, flames in the cane-fields and wrecked trains, jails full of tortured prisoners, concentration camps, secret invasions on lonely beaches and insurgents in the hills—such is Cuba's rhumba of violence. Such is the Hungary on our doorsteps.

But the blood-drenched Cuba of Dictator Fulgencio Batista, one-time army sergant, is not merely a Pandora's box of evil and tears, it is also a paradox of prosperity and gaiety. Never was business better, never were the night clubs and B-girl bars so crowded. Nor the flat-tire politicians so inflated with hope—"barking for their bone" as they express it in Cuba—with talk of possible elections next June.

Against the lurid background of death and fear, a joint Congressional Electoral Commission has been discussing an election law acceptable to the opposition parties. Old names. Old faces. Here are representatives of Carlos Prio, whom President Batista overthrew by armed force in March, 1952; of former President Grau San Martin, a wily man, once a popular leader, and still with aspirations to return to power; that old orthodox warhorse

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of earlier paper-battles, Màrquez Sterling; men of a half-dozen factions —all seated with the leaders of Batista's coalition parties, his Senators and cabinet ministers. Under the tarnished cupola of Dictator Machado's *Capitolio,* built with Chase Bank funds in another era of misery and military abuse, the solons have been haggling like market-women, not over the welfare of Cuba, but for puerile legalisms and petty factional advantages in elections that in this swirl of violence may never be held, or if held, likely will be decided by the bayonets now pinning Cuban freedom to earth.

All morning I listened to that turgid oratory, phrased in the language of forgotten conflicts, worn-out tinsel that decorated the Christmas trees of better years long ago. These puffing, pulling men had put on blinders against the air-lift to the Sierra Maestra; they had plugged their ears against the bombs down the street. Shadow boxing. The Cuban people were not here. Young Cuba was not here. Everybody in Cuba except the politicians knew it.

In the last ten years, a new voting population, nearly half that of Cuba, has come into being without ever having had a chance to vote in an honest election. Few have turned to the old parties and leaders. What they want, what they will do, no one knows or tries to find out. That some, shut off all these years from political and intellectual expression, have turned terrorists—that is sore-thumb plain. That some have gone to the Sierra Maestra to fight—that, too, is known.

IN THE end, Grau pulled the rug from under the Joint Electoral Commission, refusing longer to play Batista's cat-mouse game, by withdrawing his *Autenticos*, the major opposition party, and the "retired politician," the "fox of Marinao," became the central figure of the non-violent opposition. A most disturbing one.

"Restore the rights and freedom of the people and there will be no problem." Simple enough. Too simple. How simple is shown by Cuba's latest police assassination last night (June 14). The head of Grau's *Autentico* Party in Santiago was shot in the back by two Secret Service agents (so described by his wife). And two respectable leaders of opposition parties were framed by the secret police as leaders of terrorist bands.

Before the commission adjourned, a few voices rang out clearly, so clearly that the Minister of Gobernacion, Santiago Rey, slapped one speaker in the face, and pistols were drawn. But then, it was bad taste for the Senator to call the Minister a plunderer of public funds.

"There must be amnesty for political prisoners. . . . How can we have an election when people are in concentration camps? . . . Why have not obnoxious cabinet ministers been removed as promised? . . . How can we have a free election when soldiers are breaking into private homes?. . . . When our universities are closed? . . . When there is no free assemblage? . . . What about the police attack on Radio Mambi? . . . The newspapers that are still suppressed?"

In the grimy ancient *Audiencia* on Theodore Roosevelt Street in a special Urgency Court, in the tar-smell of these sweltering June days, special judges in black silk capes are trying presumed terrorists, mostly boys, and meting out ten-year sentences. Or they judge labor leaders and workers who have been trying to prevent their unions from being taken over by Batista stooges, or who have gathered in private homes to discuss union affairs, or who have handed out circulars. These are crimes in Batista's Cuba.

The kangaroo-court judges are safe within blocked-off streets where, behind the barricades, swarm National police, secret police, soldiers, marines, armored cars, jeeps, machine-guns. From the hot courtroom, I look out the barred windows at the noble royal palms and the high gray walls across the harbor of Cabana fortress, built long ago by the Spaniards who did no worse things to Cuba than are being done today.

"Twenty years," demands the prosecutor for seven railroad workers, accused on no other evidence than that of an army officer, of making explosives in railroad shops. They are men who opposed the destitution of their elected officers.

"Twenty years for an innocent man! That's a crime!" shouts one prisoner.

"Remove him from the courtroom," orders the judge.

IN THE Palace, where last March Batista had to hide under a bed during an armed attack by "the Youth Brigade," the President now breathes fire and brimstone at the "criminals" on the streets and in the Sierras—and why does Cuba have so many "criminals" these days? He shouts that there will be no armistice for political prisoners. No olive branch to the enemy. He denies that there is censorship of the radio. (It is merely forbidden to mention current Cuban events and, a few days later, the police shut down Radio Reloj for twenty-four hours for having mentioned a battle in the Sierra.) False, said the government. Yet this week's *Bohemia* gives versions by eyewitnesses.

Only recently Batista told the world that the insurrectionists had been wiped out and Fidel Castro killed. But if Batista's soldiers could not find him, the newspapers did. Presently other invaders came ashore near the American nickel mines on the North coast, and Castro's *guerrilleros* swept down and captured Uvero and its barracks, only thirty miles from Santiago, and its thatched shacks made more news than Rome or Moscow.

Generals and colonels, called back from the front, rushed in and out of the Palace and Camp Colombia. The scorched-earth policy was announced. Crack Cuban outfits, American-trained and equipped with American arms given for hemisphere defense, were airlifted in American-gift planes to Santiago.

"If the French can use arms given them by the Americans to kill Algerians, if the British can use them to kill Cretans, then Cuba certainly has a right to use them to maintain order," said one official cynically.

But before the soldiers set out bravely to catch the devils in the hills, they gun-butted and murdered

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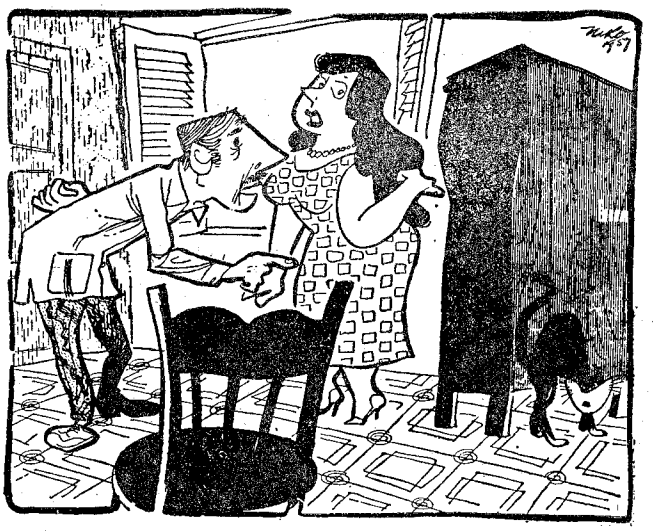
The Cuban Press

The cartoons on this page are from various Cuban dailies and weeklies. While there is no overt and direct official censorship of the press by the Batista regime, the general atmosphere is not exactly conducive to freedom. Nevertheless, Cuba's cartoonists, in their own way, are having their say about conditions in their country.

In Santiago de Cuba



"The cat's been hiding in the corner for days."
"Well, in Santiago they accuse everybody, even the cats, of being revolutionary."

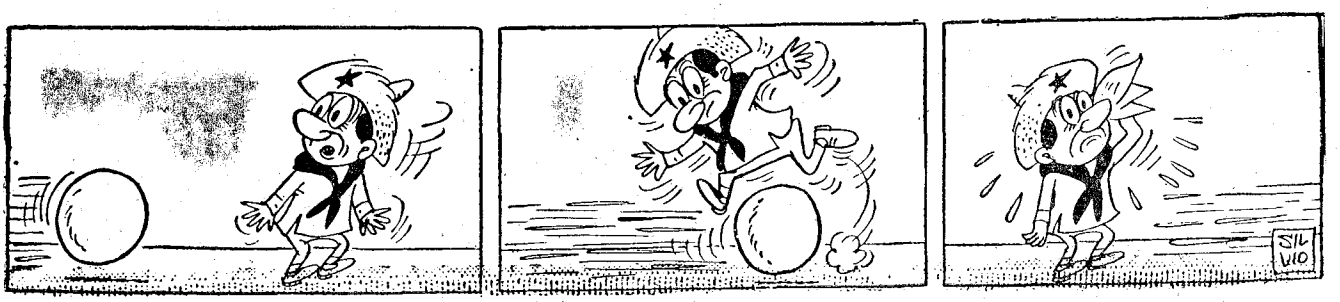
Going Too Far

Batista's Secretary for Gobernacion, Santiago, *to his boss: "Quit calling everybody an opponent of the government. Pretty soon you'll be calling ME part of the opposition."*

The Cuban People Are Sick

Politician-doctors: "We're sorry, but we haven't received government permission to operate."

The Cuban People Dodging Bombs



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Santiago citizens. One of the Army's most brutal officers, Colonel José Maria Salas Canizares, took over the local police situation. Thirty-seven women marching out of the cathedral in prayer, carrying placards calling for peace, were dragged off to jail. Even bank inspectors sent by the National Bank on their regular inspection business were arrested and sent out of the city as suspicious characters. Houses were broken into and searched. Seven persons disappeared, one a lawyer who had dared defend a captured *insurrecto*. In the morning, the bodies of four young men, arrested by the secret police, were found, horribly mutilated, on the beach and among the weeds.

Next the soldiers herded the people down from their homes in the hills—men and women, the aged and children, pregnant women—to Santiago, Bayamo, Las Minas de Bueyecito and other peripheral centers. Six thousand, the forerunners of 24,000 to come. In some places, they outnumbered the existing inhabitants and there was no place to quarter them except in the open fields in the rain. They left their animals behind to starve, their corn and coffee crops to be lost, their mortgages unpaid. Some had already gone through the reckless indiscriminate bombing of the Sierra that had hit peaceful settlements but not the rebels. These innocent victims arrived soaked to the skin, their bloody feet smeared with mud, without food or possessions. Townspeople trying to help them with food and clothing were maltreated by the soldiery or arrested.

IN SANTIAGO I picked up a few of their stories: the woman who had borne a child en route alone in the rain. The widow with nine children —two months to fifteen years—obliged to sleep in the rain without food. One woman with a large brood said, "All we were able to bring with us was one chicken. I've sold that for a peso. Now we have nothing." A rancher said, "I had to let my horses and cattle and pigs run wild in the forest. Maybe I'll find some of them when I get back." An ancient grandmother, barefoot, a white towel about her head, carrying her little dog in her arms, said, "I came from Los Lirios—there—far off, very far. Days I walked, my clothes are torn, my shoes gave out. For the first time in my life I have to sleep on the ground, even here. And my father fought for Cuba's independence."

"Bloody Weyler all over again!" The concentration camps and scorched-earth policy of 1898, more than anything else, aroused the American conscience in days before this nation had become so rich and powerful.

Now the consciences of nearly all Cuba have been aroused. From Santiago came protest after protest against the maltreatment of citizens, violations of homes, the torture and murder of the four boys, the brutality of the march of death. "Batista, stop this inhuman spectacle of families dislodged from their homes, stop the indiscriminate bombings, in the name of God, in the name of your own family, in the name of our civilization." The protests were signed by every officer of every civic organization—bravery unparalleled for years under the dictatorship—Rotarians, Lions, Catholic Action, teachers' federations, lyceums, the yacht club, sport clubs, the tennis club, fishing clubs, business clubs, ministers' associations, Knights of Columbus, the bar association, engineers, architects, the League of Newspaper Men, the League Against Cancer, the Geographical and Historical Society.

The same protests came out of Bayamo, though civic groups there were not allowed to meet. A Rotarian in Bayamo does not have to face the facetious gibes of a Mencken, he has to face a machine-gun. "We want no more terrorism. We want no more mysterious assassinations. We want no more files of hungry homeless people through our streets."

In Havana similar civic groups—though some were not permitted to meet, or their gatherings were broken up by the police and arrests made—backed up the protests. Of sixty-seven organizations, only two backed out, but even of these, individual members stepped forward and put their names down. Nearly every name on these lists has been interviewed by the secret police.

Protests rolled in from almost every community on the island. A third force had been born, a force of civic order and decency and peace in a country thought to be too corrupt and beaten down and frightened by the dictatorship, at a time when the official terror was never worse. It was a force that even a dictator with guns could not ignore —an avalanche.

ONE OF THE sad aspects of this nation-wide protest was the absence, except in a few places, of protests by labor unions, which in other days would certainly have raised their voices. But they are complete captives of the dictatorship, the last vestiges of union independence having been wiped out except for a few federations centering in Havana.

Above all, what most dazed Batista was the scandal over his concentration camps. Since when had the well-to-do and prosperous of Cuba concerned themselves with the fate of mere peasants from the hills? Though he set the police and soldiery on the protesting signers, he rushed two cabinet ministers to the scene with orders to provide the refugees with proper housing, food, clothing

From the Cuban Press

"Batista is looking for the way to the elections."

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and medicine. Army cots were flown in.

But already the epidemics had begun, especially enteritis among smaller children. Sickness threatened every community. Not until then did the worried army officers lower the barriers to permit the good women of the towns to come into the stinking camps and help nurse and ladle out stew from the big "charity kettles." There were no utensils for eating it. As sickness and death spread, the tragedy threatened to build into a scandal that would ring down through the years and brand the dictator with an infamy he could never escape.

And so, the Army was ordered to send them back to their homes at once. Within twenty-four hours they were on the march again, young and old, the pregnant and the sick. The dictator promised he would build them all homes with concrete floors, at least sanitary privies, and the schools they have never had. Maybe, just maybe, some day they will get some compensation for their ordeals.

BRUSHING reporters aside—they were asking many embarrassing questions—Batista turned to greet a large delegation of smiling business men from Jacksonville, Florida, looking for business opportunities. Fine, well-meaning, beaming emissaries, combining business with the pleasures of the Sans Souci and Tropicana navel dancers. But for Cubans who had known the terror of a city without light, the terror of police in their homes, the terror of the death march, these good folk seemed a bit like crows over a field of carrion.

But business really is good here. Nearly a billion dollars have come in from the United States during the five years of Batista's rule, and he has run the public debt up to the tune of $700,000,000. There is much new industry to take up the slack of seasonal sugar-cane unemployment: textiles, shoes, glass, drugs, chemicals, wire, rubber, electrical goods, auto assembly plants, cement, added copper and nickel mining, oil refineries, fiber and sugar-cane-waste processing. Cuba, which a few years ago had to import nearly all its textiles, now exports rayon to twelve countries.

It is a real prosperity. True, wages in the cane fields are still a disgrace to a civilized people, but they are better than they ever have been and Havana workers make around sixty dollars a month; in public-utility enterprises, $300. Cost of living is about the same as in the United States.

Of course, the generals get the cream of everything. Favored congressmen (they are mostly a nuisance in a dictatorship) no longer receive their $5,000 graft from the national lottery. The cut is taken entirely by the army officers, and some even have concessions to run their own private lotteries. The First Lady, it is said, receives a monthly check of $70,000, no strings attached, for charity, Eva Peron style.

The tourist hotels rise higher and more air-cooled, and the night clubs, with hostesses that yesterday were street-walkers, provide a neon blaze three or four to the block in every street around the central plaza, off the Malecon sea-boulevard, in the fashionable Vedado; and the touts offering young girls, "exhibitions" and pornographic movies have multiplied like cockroaches.

There are fine gambling casinos, too, and the Las Vegas gamblers, already on the scene, have made a deal, it is said, with the dictator to bring all their paraphernalia from Las Vegas to Havana, where the tax-take will be far less. At the moment Herminio Portell-Vila, former cabinet minister and head of the Cuban-North-American Cultural Institute, faces a court for having attacked the *Alcalde del Pozo y del Puerto* (Mayor of the Well and the Port) in an article describing "Illegal But Tolerated" gambling. It should be noted, however, that the mayor, at the cost of three millions, has also built a magnificent new hospital, dedicated this June 15.

With so much business prosperity, so much money to spend on public works, with so much expansive lid-off gaiety, it would seem that even a dictatorship, had it so much as three fingers of skill between eyes and hair-line, need not have brought things to such a dreadful impasse as prevails in Cuba at this hour.

Could it be that Cubans cherish political liberties as well as full stomachs? Machado went down in a year of economic misery and despair when wages in the cane fields had dropped to ten cents a day. This is something new, a revolution at the very peak of prosperity. But all the universities are closed, human liberty and dignity mean nothing, all intellectual life is stultified by censorship and military coercion.

THE Cubans have never reconciled themselves to this government implanted by military force. It is in this atmosphere of darkened universities, intellectual sluggishness, cultural decline, super-business, super-vice and military graft, shameless blaring night clubs, gambling and police brutality, that the youth of Cuba from twelve to thirty years of age have embarked upon a life of terrorism, of bombings and arson. It is a sad thing for a country when its young feel they have to become terrorists instead of scientists and engineers, poets and lawyers. But will youths who have become so callous that they bomb schools and homes and businesses demonstrate any great consideration for those who differ with them should *they* ever gain power? Terrorism is merely the other ugly face of dictatorship, not a creative force, and it is shaking Cuban society to pieces.

"Not even during the colonial period," declares the editor of *Bohemia*, Cuba's leading weekly, "has Cuba passed through darker days."

Who and why are the terrorists? What are their aims? Who and why Fidel Castro? What chance af success has the insurrection? What part is the Church playing? What is the role of labor? What chance is there for a peaceful solution that will bring some justice to the Cuban people? Are there healthy, intelligent forces which can take hold of the situation in the face of a brutalized army honeycombed with graft and privilege? Or will Cuba sink into blind disorder? There are no sure answers, but to some extent the forces and possibilities now existing can be measured.

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2. Rebels Without a Cause

HAVANA, the night of my arrival, June 3, was relatively quiet. Only three bombings. One bomb damaged the home of police-commandant Domingo Bolet; another made a shambles of a shoestore and nearby show windows; a third wrecked an electric-light pole.

I took a look at narrow Suarez Street in the slums, near one of the main barracks and the Cuban electric plant that pollutes the air of the city with black smoke. The previous Tuesday, an explosion of fifty sticks of dynamite and gas which escaped as a result ripped up half a block of pavement and crumbled the fronts of buildings. A policeman was tossed fifteen feet and buried. Other persons, fighting through flames, were badly burned. The dynamite had been expertly placed in a tunnel dug under the gas main and the three most important light and power feeder-cables. For fifty-seven hours, most of the city huddled in darkness, with no water, no traffic lights, no industry, no elevators, no newspapers or refrigerators. Damages were estimated at nearly five million dollars. Another bomb cut off light from 400 homes in Guanabacoa across the harbor.

FOUR days after my arrival, at ten in the morning, a heavy detonation shook my hotel room. A powerful bomb tore out the wall and balcony on the fifth floor of the First National Bank of Boston building.

The usual savage reprisals took place, though this frightful chain of violence was originally set in motion by the repressions of the regime. The day after the Suarez disaster, on the outskirts of town, two youths were found hanged, horribly mutilated before death, with bombs at their feet. On the day of my arrival, the secretary of the woodworkers union was found in a central street, riddled with bullets, and with a bomb at his feet.

Nor do prominent people escape. Some time ago, the house of Dr. Fernando Castro, Cuba's great scholar and author, but a man removed entirely from politics, was searched without warrant by the soldiery. The day after the armed attack on the National Palace last March, Dr. Pelayo Cervo, head of the opposition Orthodox Party, one of the finest men in public life, was assassinated and his body flung into a vacant lot.

All the while the special Urgency Court keeps grinding out sentences. On June 10, two boys were sentenced to ten years for alleged terroristic acts. In some places, lawyers trying to defend suspected terrorists or labor leaders have been assaulted or arrested; or have gone into hiding. Several judges who dismissed cases for lack of evidence have been thrown off the bench.

Yet not one member of the police or armed forces has been arrested in connection with murdered students, workers or members of opposition parties, though in certain cases the persons killed had been previously taken into custody.

Resistance has now spread to every hamlet and city in Cuba. The Rural Guards, the National Police, the Secret Police and the Army have been unable to prevent the blowing up of bridges, trains, railroad stations, trucks, auto buses, or the burning or dynamiting of schools, stores, homes and club houses. Tobacco warehouses go up in smoke. A dozen large sugar refineries have been hit, one—Central Washington—allegedly owned by the dictator. The destruction of Tunguaro represented a loss estimated at from one to two and a half million dollars. Arson at the large Andorra refinery in Pinar del Rio province, the day of my arrival in Cuba, destroyed 7,000 sacks of sugar.

In Camagüey a tunnel attempt to blow up the light system was frustrated. Throughout the city fires were set, and people were dragged to the barracks in an orgy of terrorism on both sides. The list of places and crimes is endless.

In Cienfüegos soldiers claimed to have captured thirty-two youths after a prolonged gun battle in the streets. Open insurrection! But according to Congressman Conrado Rodriguez and others, the youths were taken from their homes unarmed and were tortured in an attempt to extract information about terrorists.

Terrorism made its appearance as a Cuban political weapon during the close of the Machado dictatorship. The secret ABC organization, like the present movement made up for the most part of upper-class youths, had no announced program beyond getting rid of the dictator. But once the lid was off, its fascist flavor was revealed. One of its aims was the restriction of the suffrage to the elite, the ABC being the elite. The leaders quickly allied themselves with Batista, ingratiated themselves with Sumner Welles—this was known as "garage diplomacy" because the ambassador was reported to have held conspiratorial meetings with the ABC leaders in his garage—and soon betrayed the people's government of Grau, putting Carlos Mendieta, chieftain of Machado's Liberal Party, back into power by one of Batista's customary armed assaults on the Palace. For all its Washington support, Batista's back-lot assassinations and shooting-up of towns from military lorries brought no stability.

BUT terrorism paid off well for the ABC directors. Joaquin Martinez Saenz, the chief ABC ramrod, a smooth National City Bank lawyer, today is head of the National Bank of Cuba and makes purchases of tens of millions for the government. It is the finest of all plums at political disposal, and he has become one of the wealthiest men in Cuba. His assistant, Emeterio Santovenio, is also an ABC man. Other ABC leaders became cabinet ministers and Congressmen.

As at that earlier time of the Machado dictatorship, the opposition to the Batista dictatorship first manifested itself in the university. The students never accepted his armed coup of 1952, a week before scheduled

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elections, nor his one-candidate bayonet elections of 1954. From the first, they protested against the abridgement of civil rights, suppression of the press and freedom of expression. They demanded honest elections. They demanded his resignation.

Hundreds of students, not only in Havana but in every university on the island, have been arrested, tortured, driven into exile or murdered. Two presidents of the Student Federation have lost their lives, José Antonio Hecheverria and Fructuoso Rodriguez. Students have been mowed down by the soldiery when conducting peaceful demonstrations or when carrying their dead comrades to the cemetery. It is not surprising that more and more of them, helpless and desperate before the military ruthlessness of the dictatorship, have been sucked into the dead end of terrorism.

For the dictator, this is pure ingratitude. He has built several fine new buildings for the university. They have never been used, and "no trespassing" signs adorn the empty campus. In every university it is the same. Only a few days ago a meeting of the medical faculty was broken up by the police on the grounds they might discuss something other than professional matters. Besides, the Secretary of Gobernacion said, "Several of them are suspected of being Communists."

IT IS A tragic and serious gap in the life of the Cuban republic when for three years graduating students have been unable to get their diplomas in proper fashion. Certainly Cuba needs doctors and lawyers, engineers and scientists more than it needs terrorists, and the loss to the country of the 20,000 students of Havana, and the thousands elsewhere who have been denied an education these years, will be felt for generations to come.

In spite of the "third force" for "peace," there is a surprisingly strong sympathy for the terrorists in upper social circles. Everywhere, I hear, "Yes, the picture of Cuba is dark. Our old-line politicians are corrupt. Labor is corrupt. The Army is corrupt. All society has lost its moral fiber. But our youth—they have courage and enthusiasm. They are idealists. They are going to make a better Cuba. . . ."

And a leading newspaper editor told me glowingly, "Our youth have a desire to die. They are anxious to become martyrs. They do not fear torture or death. They have the spirit of Joan of Arc. It is strange but it is true. The movement is an avalanche now. Nothing can stop it. Not all of Batista's soldiers."

This sentimentalism about the terrorists by people who would never risk their own lives, I find singularly repulsive. Nor is a single person able to tell what the terrorists or what Fidel Castro want — what kind of Cuba they are trying to create.

I have tried to find out. I have talked with more than a dozen student leaders, several closely linked with the terrorists movement. All burned with one major passion—get rid of Batista. That justified all and every means. "We all have to band together now—the pure of heart, the semi-pure, and the dirty," to accomplish that.

But only one student, from Guantanamo, had any program for what might lie ahead—except to restore civil rights, the constitution and order. Batista also talks a lot about "order."

The Guantanamo student said:

> The time has come to set to work to integrate this vast mass movement, mostly a youth movement, to attack the political time-servers and take over the power to give work to the laborer, lands to the peasants, opportunities to the young, and economic stability to Cuban homes.
>
> We have had two great deceptions, the betrayals of Grau and Prio, of the *Autenticos*, the supposed party of the people, and the return to power of Batista by force, promising clean government. We have to start all over again to restore liberty and democracy.

Batista does not speak of "liberty and democracy" but he does talk about land reform, the condition of the peasants, labor and capital, schools, farm diversification, public housing, health—for all are serious problems in this prosperous land—and he has done considerable in all these directions. Except that everything has been poisoned by the illegality of his regime, the colossal army graft and the putting of the army above government and all human rights.

In Machado's day, there was, in the opposition, a fine outpouring of new ideas, art, literature and hope. There were student organizations of many faiths, from Communists to the Catholic right. Today, I find that most of their ideas, except for a few vague notions about democracy and the constitution, are closer to those of Spanish Christian fascism than to any other body of principles. There has been a tremendous amount of paid Franco propaganda in Cuba, backed up by some church elements of Spanish origin. In general, the opposition is racist, anti - American, anti - Protestant, vaguely anti-capitalist, but not heavily anti-Semitic. Sympathy runs to Israel not to Nasser, though the defeat of British and French designs on Suez is generally applauded. The students swear ardently by democracy, but, as with the older ABC, when pinned down, it is usually a democracy restricted to the elite. Nearly all the Cuban students today and especially the terrorists, are well to the right.

EXCEPT FOR ONE small revolt of under-officers soon after Batista seized power, the counter movement of violence had as its pivot for a time former president Carlos Prio Socarras, whom Batista ousted and who's now in Miami. He is a symbol of legality and the on-going of the electoral process. The Authentic Party was originally the one truly popular party that emerged from the September, 1933, revolution, and though a certain New Dealism continued when it resumed control of the government under Grau and Prio from 1944 to 1952, its corruption had undermined popular confidence and made Batista's armed seizure of the state that much easier.

After the rise of Fidel Castro to prominence, a large part of the opposition, particularly the terrorists, transferred its loyalty to him. Indeed he has become the hero and god of most of Young Cuba—even of those opposed to terrorism. In order to

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keep some of his hold on his following, Prio had to order it to support Castro with arms and funds.

Who is this mysterious daredevil of the hills? Both he and Batista were born in Oriente province and both have deep-rooted knowledge of the people and country there. Batista was of the new "cosmic race" as they call it in Latin America—a descendent of Mayan Indian slaves, rebel Cimarron Negroes and Spaniards. Castro is mostly Spanish. Batista was orphaned at fourteen; what schooling he obtained was from Protestant missionaries. The Castro family is moderately rich, with large estates, a fortune of perhaps half a million, three sons (one killed in the Moncada barracks attack in 1953) and two girls. Batista is now in his sixties. Castro is about thirty-five. Castro is said to be unmarried. Batista was married to a beautiful, sweet country woman by whom he had children, but whom he divorced to marry into the so-called aristocracy that had once despised him and which he still affects to despise.

CASTRO was brought up in the same Oriente mountains where he now operates, majestic mountains deeply forested, and he was exposed to violence and adventure from his first days. His father, built to epic proportions of energy and bravery which Fidel would like to surpass, was one of the famous bandits of the Sierra, who murdered and robbed, drank and fornicated lavishly. By becoming a supporter of Conservative President Menocal, he legitimized his career and his seizures of property. His wife, Fidel's mother, was thrown out in favor of various mistresses. Young Castro's conduct—his humility toward certain intellectuals whom he admires, his violence toward others, even close friends—suggests a certain father-love, father-hate complex.

Before attending the University of Havana, Castro was educated in Jesuit schools and he is still close to the Jesuits. A fine student, a good speaker, he became interested in university and outside politics. Those who knew him at college describe him as quick-tempered, impatient of any opposition or outside control.

From the Cuban Press

"People knock on the door of liberty, but only the Electoral Commission's door opens."

He is said to have killed two fellow students in political controversies. It is also said that he was involved in the Bogota, Colombia, uprising which made a shambles of that city at the time of the Pan-American conference.

He was one of the founders, with Eduardo Chivas, Portell-Vila and others, of the Orthodox party, which endeavored to replace the discredited *Autentico* Party. Indications are that it would have won the never-held 1952 elections and that Batista would have come out a poor third if he had not resorted to arms.

A close political associate of Castro at that time described him thus: "He was imperious and could stand no criticism. After several drinks, he would lose all self-control and turn on his closest friends, who gradually abandoned him. I think I was the one exception. With me he was always almost lovable and would listen and if I told him not to, would not touch another drop."

After about a year, unable to stir his party into aggressive resistance to Batista, he left for his old haunts in the Sierra. In Santiago he consulted with the Jesuits and with Archbishop Pérez Serantes, the story goes, but would listen to no counsels of moderation. Getting together a band, he attacked the Moncada barracks in Santiago on July 26—and was almost successful, though one of his brothers was killed. Fidel took to the hills with half a dozen others, but the rest of his force not killed —about thirty—found refuge in the Archbishop's Palace. The soldiers dragged them out and massacred them, the report given out being that they had been killed in the attack.

The Archbishop prevailed on Castro to surrender, assuring him that he would not be severely punished. The courtmartial gave him several years in the Pinar del Rio prison but he was soon amnestied.

Instead of remaining in Cuba to build up a following based on a program, he escaped to Mexico where he began collecting arms and drilling Cuban exiles with the help of a former Spanish Republican general. He landed on the coast of Oriente in November, 1956. Most of his invading force was wiped out, but he and a few others escaped to the hills, practically without arms or food. Gradually others rallied to him, and they established a provisional camp on the crest of Mount Turquino, the highest mountain in Cuba, under a monument to the early Cuban independence leader José Marti.

A MAN WHO has seen him lately tells me Castro is confident that he will drive Batista out before his term is over, that under no circumstance will he recognize an election held under Batista's auspices. Even if it were held honestly, neither he nor Young Cuba, politically unorganized, would have a ghost of a show. He has sworn he will shoot most of the politicians on both sides.

"The whole structure of present power, political and military, must be destroyed before we can begin to talk about elections," he is reported to have said.

Whatever he may or may not be, Castro has become the idol, to the point of fanaticism, of Young Cuba. What he hopes to bring about nobody seems to know, for he has made no pronouncements of program

Mr. Beals's report from Haiti will appear next week.

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other than wiping out Batista. His earlier speeches, delivered before Batista seized power and when the situation was different, are not available. For some he is the great liberator. Others see in him a more ruthless and less predictable dictator than Batista. Batista accuses him of associating with Communists. Some charge that he is a puppet of the Church, that the aim is to set up a long-lived Christian Fascist dictatorship. This mystery as to his purposes is both an asset and a drawback. In the present confusion in Cuba what moves most people is hate for Batista. The answer is in violence, not in ideas.

Whatever Castro is, the amorphous new generation rises behind him. Barring some dramatic shift in Cuban politics, his destiny has only two roads: to be killed or to rule Cuba for better or worse.

GEORGIA ROCKPILE . . *by Dora Byron*

Atlanta, Georgia

THE GHOST of Georgia's infamous "chain gang" still haunts this state's penal system. In the dust and drudgery and despair of Rock Quarry Prison Camp, fifty-two convicts have broken their own legs with sledge hammers in less than a year. Nine others attempted and failed. Most bizarre of the incidents came last July, when fourteen prisoners crushed their legs in a mass episode of self-mutilation unique in penal history. Others followed, and in May seven more joined the grim total.

"It just ain't possible to stand it at the camp," said one of the convicts from his bed in the state prison hospital at Reidsville. However, Jack Forrester, director of the State Department of Corrections, insists that all the camp needs is "strict discipline." Investigations by his own committees report that the incidents are "motivated by self-pity."

"The public don't know what a sorry lot we got at the Rock Quarry," said Hubert S. Hendrix, president of the Georgia Warden's Association.

There's much that the public "don't know" about this work camp at Buford, forty miles from Atlanta, where 187 of Georgia's 7,800 prisoners live in a brick compound built in the shape of a cross. The Rock Quarry prison was opened in 1951 as a unit for incorrigibles. Officials announced with pride that a million-dollar institution had been constructed for only $114,838.25, because prisoners did the work themselves. The convicts fashioned their own bars and designed their own locks. Although described as an "escape-proof Alcatraz," six convicts escaped in a prison truck within a few weeks. They were captured in three days. R. E. Warren, then Director of Corrections, said, "We are going to keep 'em or kill 'em if they attempt to escape." The Rock Quarry warden, Ed Clements, was relieved of his post after the episode.

Trouble was only beginning at the Buford camp, where the "rock pile" is not a myth but a reality. Two months later, on Christmas Day, thirty prisoners slashed the "achilles tendons" in their heels with razor blades, the first mass protest against prison conditions. The next day twenty-two others went on a sit-down strike, and were placed in the dungeon-like isolation cells which convicts call "the hole." The injured prisoners were transferred to the hospital at the Reidsville prison. A quick "investigation" whitewashed the Buford camp. Herman Talmadge, then governor, said he was "satisfied," and restrictions were tightened at the prison.

Convicts were permitted to write one letter, and to receive two visitors, each month. The visitors could talk for thirty minutes through a heavy screen, within hearing of a guard. Church service was held on alternate Sundays. No books, newspapers, magazines, radios, were permitted. . . . but occasionally the men watched "the fights" on television.

A TUNNEL was discovered, inching its way under the white walls, and more guards were added. They were guards who could handle automatic shotguns, and they were paid about $40 a week. When a convict left his work in the quarry to go to the stream that served as a latrine he was hurried back to the job by a splattering of shot. "It's just to keep in practice," a guard explained, "we don't hit none of 'em." Prisoners served only a year at the camp if they made "good time," and could earn promotion from quarry duty by good behavior. They could become cooks, truck drivers, or even take care of "the dogs"—the bloodhounds always on hand to discourage attempted escapes.

One unique aspect of the daily schedule was the stripping of prisoners each time they made the trip from the compound to the quarry and back. At 6 a.m. the men left their grey suits in one building, ran naked through an open space—whatever the weather—to another building where they donned work clothes. They counted off as they ran. Then they were packed into iron-barred trucks for transportation to the granite quarry, a quarter-mile away. The process was repeated, in reverse, when they returned for the two-hour break at noon, and again at 6 p.m. This was to prevent the prisoners from slipping dynamite, hammers or rocks into their cells, officials claimed.

For five years secrets were well kept behind the eight-foot barbed wire fences. Convicts spent their days crushing rock for use on state roads. They worked five-and-a-half days a week, often in 100-degree heat, pushing wheel-barrows full of rock to the crushing machines and

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cracking boulders with picks and sledge-hammers. After work they took turns at the showers—one shower for every fifty men—then spent the nights sleeping, head to toe, in the dormitory-style quarters.

"Troublemakers" from the state prison, or from Georgia's other work camps, were transferred to Buford, but the Rock Quarry camp never did become, as intended, a prison for the "hardened criminal." Instead, it filled up with youthful malcontents, serving time on minor offenses such as automobile theft and burglary, who had been a source of irritation to wardens of other prisons. The camp became a dumping ground, too, for men with obvious mental disorders, who are still not recognized by Georgia courts as being in need of special care. Mixed in were some really "tough" criminals.

ON THE morning of July 30, thirty-six men quietly gathered during a half-hour work-break at the quarry. In the group were twenty-nine white men and seven Negroes. They stuffed handkerchiefs in their mouths, took up ten-pound sledge hammers, and smashed their own legs. It happened so quickly that it was all over before guards could rush to the scene. The next day, five more broke their own legs. Several others succeeded only in inflicting serious bruises. All were taken to the Reidsville hospital.

Jack Forrester said that "nothing was wrong," and added that sledges would be taken away from the men during work-breaks at the quarry. Dr. Reuben Smith, a local doctor who served as prison physician, told of "twelve or fourteen" cases he had recently treated in which men had deliberately dropped rocks on their feet.

"They just don't want to work," said warden Hubert Smith. "None of these men knew what it was to do a day's work until they came here." He added that the convicts who broke their legs would be returned to the quarry as soon as they were able, and would be placed on a bread and water diet except for a full meal every three days. "They all have bad records anyway," he said.

Investigations were made again, this time by both a Department of Corrections committee and by a joint committee of the Georgia senate and house. One guard testified at the legislative hearing that he saw "plenty of beatings." A convict charged that a guard had kicked his teeth out; another said that he had lost forty pounds in seven weeks at the camp. "If we was sick we was sent to 'the hole'," said one. "I was shot in the hip by a guard because I struck another prisoner," said another. "I was hit in the head with a rock because I didn't say 'yes, sir' to a 'walkin' boss'," said a third. All

who had broken their legs said that they would do it again if returned to the quarry, and all claimed that it was not Georgia's prison system they were protesting, "but just the Buford camp."

On the other hand, some guards and prisoners testified they had seen no evidence of brutality, and the joint committee concluded its probe August 3, announcing that it had found the "allegations of brutality were not substantiated."

ON AUGUST 6, two convicts who had attempted and failed to break their legs in the July outbreak, tried again—and succeeded. Later that month, deputy warden Doyle Smith, who admitted he "slapped a prisoner when he needed it," was transferred. He was promoted to warden at the Eatonton work camp.

In November, five more attempted to break their legs; two were successful. On May 21 of this year came six more attempts, half of them successful (two of these repeaters from last summer); the third was an eighteen-year-old. The next day brought seven more tries. Two of the four who succeeded were veterans of last summer's episode.

"It's because the ring-leaders from the July group are back at the camp again," said J. B. Hatchett, assistant director of the Department of Corrections. "Also the convicts got hold of a sensational magazine article on the 'leg breaking' and that started it all over again. They want publicity."

"A man with a broken leg in a prison hospital cannot derive much pleasure from reading a clipping," the Atlanta *Constitution* commented. "No one suggests coddling prisoners, but explanations are inadequate and remedial action is needed." Both the *Journal* and the Atlanta *Constitution* are asking editorially that an "unbiased" committee make an investigation. "There are enough good practicing penologists around, notably in the federal-prison system, to make such a survey," the *Journal* points out. Others are also calling for action. The League of Women Voters is circulating a petition, requesting that an impartial investigation be made by a group not connected with the state administration. Louis LaMarr, Atlanta attorney, declares that he intends to go to the federal courts on behalf of the convicts with a writ of habeas corpus for violation of constitutional rights "by cruel and unusual punishment." The attorney has a notice running in the "personals" column of the Atlanta papers requesting that those "who write anonymous letters to me relative to the Rock Quarry Prison Camp" get in touch with him. He assures them that their identities will be protected.

"I have had eight or ten anonymous letters," he said. "The letters say that the convicts are afraid to tell the truth before investigators. They have been threatened with beatings, with being hung up by their thumbs, and other inhuman treatment. It sounds like the dark ages. I'm probably behaving like a crusader in this thing. But I don't care what the criminal has done. He's still a man. He has a right to be a human being."

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The Mind at Bay

THE HIDDEN PERSUADERS. By Vance Packard. David McKay Co. 275 pp. $4.

BATTLE FOR THE MIND. By William Sargant. Doubleday. 264 pp. $4.50.

MASS CULTURE: THE POPULAR ARTS IN AMERICA. Edited by Bernard Rosenberg and David M. White. Free Press. 561 pp. $6.50.

Michael D. Reagan

GIVEN the increasing pressures upon our minds and emotions described in the books reviewed here, the injunction, "Know Thyself," becomes essential to our survival as individuals. In former times the merchant advertised the quality or value of his product, the politician the relevance of his policies to the problems of the day. But now the manufacturers of automobiles sell prestige and a sense of power; women buy, not cosmetics, but hope; and the politicians tell us that we should elect them because under their regimes there will be no problems. Persuasion was once aimed at our conscious minds and was attempted openly; now it is hidden and aims at our unconscious minds, working through emotions rather than reason.

In *The Hidden Persuaders* Vance Packard, a social science popularizer, describes the shift to motivation research by merchandisers and their engineers of consent, explains the methods and manipulations of some major practitioners and presents a fascinating series of concrete illustrations. Life insurance companies have been advised not to base their advertising upon the comfort of the survivors protected by the policy, but upon the emotional problems of the breadwinner. Many men, according to one depth prober's projective tests, seek immortality through insurance: only thus can they control their families after death. Insurance advertising, therefore, should stress the insured as here—"eternally shielding, providing, comforting and governing." It is a major merit of Packard's book, breezy though his approach is, that it may force us to self-analysis in defense against such hidden persuasion.

Commercial use of motivation research is of course made possible by the non-commercial advances in psycho-social knowledge. The laboratory information and techniques are morally neutral; like the new knowledge of atomic structure, they can be tools of both good and evil purposes. An instance of evil purpose is the case, cited by Packard, of a tractor manufacturer who, finding that farmers feared the machine might fall on them when driving uphill (as did occasionally happen because of weight distribution), redesigned the tractor so that it "*looked* as though the weight was distributed more evenly." An instance of the good which can be done is the use of personality research by one large company as a basis for manipulating the environment to suit the employee—not vice versa, as seems to be the more common practice.

WILLIAM SARGANT, neuropsychiatrist and member of the Royal Society of Medicine, is concerned in *Battle for the Mind* with the phenomenon of brainwashing: reversing a person's basic attitudes, often permanently. We think immediately of Soviet and Chinese political indoctrination when we hear the expression, but one of Dr. Sargant's major themes is the extent to which such modern applications are but extensions into the realm of political ideology of techniques practiced by primitive medicine men, religious evangelists and psychiatric therapists treating World War II shock cases. His study of John Wesley's conversions as a parallel to the spread of the Communist gospel in China proves, to this lay reader, the identity of methods and reactions in the two otherwise disparate situations.

Brainwashing is a matter of playing upon strong emotions, especially fear and anger, until the subject falls into an emotional collapse. Established thought patterns are then disrupted and the subject becomes extremely receptive to implantation of new ideas, particularly those opposed to his previous convictions. A Pavlovian, Sargant is at pains to show that sudden, complete conversions can be adequately explained at a physiological level, and can be induced by well-understood physiological techniques. Supra-physiological explanations (e.g., philosophical or Freudian) he holds to be unnecessary and overly complex. To one who is neither psychoanalyst nor physiologist Sargant's case is impressive; yet it leaves one wondering why he is so vehement an axe-grinder when it appears that the relationships between mind and body are still largely uncharted.

Two of Sargant's conclusions are of special relevance to the public evaluation and official handling of so-called "turncoat" GIs. One is that *every* man seems to have his breaking point; hence those who are broken cannot automatically be condemned as moral weaklings. The other—which goes quite counter to popular views of reliability—is that the simple, healthy extrovert is among the readiest victims of such conversions. The reason:

> A person is considered "ordinary" or "normal" by the community simply because he accepts most of its social standards and behaviour patterns; which means, in fact, that he is susceptible to suggestion and has been persuaded to go with the majority on most ordinary or extraordinary occasions.

This fact is ironically amusing in

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a society which glorifies the normal man and makes "well-adjusted" a term of highest praise!

The specter of manipulation which these books present raises the question of possible defenses. An understanding of the manipulative attempts and techniques should give some protection against the merchandisers. But against brainwashing Sargant asserts that such awareness cannot always prevent a man from being indoctrinated. It is necessary rather to avoid exhaustion and to resist passively rather than actively—but the interrogators work precisely to make that impossible.

PACKARD and Sargant are more concerned with methods of persuasion than with the content and quality of the mass ideas being presented. On the latter score there is a wonderful new anthology, *Mass Culture*, to which we can turn for elucidation, provocation and entertainment. Movies, broadcasting, advertising, popular music and books—hard, soft and comic—are analyzed perceptively and devastatingly by such critics as Wilson, Riesman, Lazarsfeld, Adorno, Berelson, Seldes and Macdonald. While almost every contributor supplies his own definition of mass culture, two of its assumptions suggested by Ernest van den Haag summarize the indictment: everything must be understandable; everything is remediable. The mass media provide a culture which is inferior because it is less demanding. As Dwight Macdonald observes, there are many children's books but relatively few children's movies: the children can readily understand the "adult" fare in the newer media.

That quality of mass culture is dismally low is suggested not only by its critics but also by the feebleness of its defenders' arguments (see the piece by Rabassiere and that on L'il Abner). It is therefore some consolation that Merton and Lazarsfeld can argue cogently for the belief that the mass media lack the degree of social power frequently attributed to them. But if present trends toward more subtle manipulative techniques should progress without a corresponding increase in the humility and humanism of the manipulators, even that solace may prove empty. We have had the Age of Reason; do we now face an Age of Manipulation?

Preoccupations of Henry James

THE AMERICAN HENRY JAMES. By Quentin Anderson. Rutgers University Press. 369 pp. $6.50.
WILLIAM WETMORE STORY AND HIS FRIENDS. By Henry James. Grove Press. 2 vol. 726 pp. $6.

Lyall H. Powers

THE JAMES revival continues: most recently with James's biography of William Story and Quentin Anderson's study of James. Anderson's thesis, sketched out a decade ago in the *Kenyon Review*, is that the motivating ideas of James's work derived from his father's peculiar adaptation of the philosophy of Swedenborg. By constant reference to both James's fiction and his non-fiction, Anderson discounts the condescending remarks of Henry on "father's ideas," and demonstrates the essential similarity between the ideas of father and son. He reminds us of their similar treatment of self-righteousness or spiritual greed as the greatest sin; of their common attitude to the question of the

The Class Will Come To Order

O tell me all about Anna Livia! I want to hear all about Anna Livia. Well, you know Anna Livia? Yes, of course, we all know Anna Livia. Tell me all. Tell me now. You'll die when you hear.—Finnegans Wake.

Amid that Platonic statuary, of athletes
Playing their passionate and sexless games,
The governors-to-be struck careless on the lawns,
The soldiers' monument, the sparrow-bronzes,
Through that museum of Corinthian elms
I walked among them in the
Soliloquy of summer, a gravel-scholar.

Our Irish friend had counseled silence first:
He did not mean the silence of the cowed,
But hold your tongue, sir, rather than betray.
Decorum is a face the brave can wear
In their desire to be invisible and so
To hear a music not prescribed, a tendril-tune
That climbs the porches of the ear,
Green, cool, like cucumber-vine.
What if the face starts threatening the man?
Then exile, cunning. Yes, old father, yes,
The newspapers were right,
Youth is general all over America,
The snow will not be falling till next winter,
There is no hurry yet to take my journey.

"The almonds bloom," she wrote. But will they hold,
While I remain to teach the alphabet
I still must learn, the alphabet on fire,
Those wizard stones? As always, where the text ends
Lurks the self, so shamed and magical. Away!
Who stays here long enough will stay too long.
Time snaps her fan, and there's her creature caught,
Fixed in the pleatings, fated to return,
As thin as paper in the mother-folds.
Absurd though it may seem,
Perhaps there's too much order in this world;
The poets love to haul disorder in,
Braiding their wrists with her long mistress hair,
And when the house is tossed about our ears,
The governors must set it right again.
How wise was he who banned them from his state!

Oh tell me a tale before the lecture-bell!
I swear, Artificer, I swear I saw
Their souls awaiting me, with notebooks primed.
The lesson for today, the lesson's what?
I must have known, but did not care to know.
There is a single theme, the heart declares,
That circumnavigates curriculum.
The letter in my pocket kissed my hand.
I smiled but I did not tell them,
I did not tell them why it was I smiled.

STANLEY KUNITZ

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uses and worth of material possessions; of the importance for both of the function of art in realizing human potentialities; of their plan of individual salvation (like William Blake's)—from initial innocence through experience to that higher innocence which enables man to see through this world of appearances to the divine reality. In applying this thesis to the study of James's fiction, Anderson touches on many of the familiar Jamesian themes—the international situation, the portrait, the metaphor of the house—and in so doing explains them more clearly and, more important perhaps, relates them more satisfactorily than have most other critics of James.

ANDERSON'S most detailed application of his thesis is devoted to clarifying *The Ambassadors, The Wings of the Dove* and *The Golden Bowl.* These he considers as a unit, an allegorical trilogy treating, respectively, the three "churches" which sum up our history —the Jewish church of law, where God is completely external; the Christian church, built on the divine *example* of Christ; and the New (Swedenborgian) church, wholly spiritual and now arising, in which individuals realize their own innate divinity. It is here that Anderson will meet severest opposition. Most will accept his corollary thesis that *everything* James presents in a story has a meaning for the story, but few will be willing to accept immediately all the extensions of the thesis: e.g. the significance of characters' names (Theale as an anagram from the Greek name "Alethea," from "aletheia," or "truth"), or the significance of the date 1713 in *The Golden Bowl* (the last two digits referring to the unity of the Trinity).

But one must accept the responsibility, in rejecting Anderson's explications, of providing a more satisfactory alternative. Anderson's thesis regarding the informing idea in James's novels seems to me eminently useful in providing a substantial and extensive basis for understanding the meaning of his work. And the inimical reader must face Anderson's final question: "If these are the wrong modes in which to consider this American, what are the right ones?" If Anderson is wrong, then he is as wrong as the Devil—and he must be dealt with as such; his book cannot be disregarded. Meanwhile, if one declares oneself to be of the Devil's party, he finds himself in a small but not entirely despicable company.

William Wetmore Story and his Friends is essentially Jamesian reminiscence of, roughly, the last half of the nineteenth century. Its focus is the life of Story (1819-1895), lawyer, sculptor and author; its emphasis is on Story's European experience as expatriate artist. James makes ample use of the correspondence of Story and his wife to enrich the biography, and provides some illuminating criticism of William's sculpture and poetry to fill out the portrait. In addition to the Storys, various familiar figures of the period roam across these pages: the Brownings, Lowell, Charles Sumner, Hawthorne, Thackeray, Landor, de Tocqueville, Garibaldi, Rachel, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, Mrs. Gaskell, etc. The book is as interesting to a student of social history as to a student of Story—or, indeed, as to a student of James. It serves as a companion volume to James's earlier *Hawthorne.* Both studies deal indirectly with the problem of expatriation for the American artist—the earlier focusing on one who was able to remain at home and yet succeed, the later on one who felt obliged to leave and yet ultimately failed. Both may have been intended by James to help define his own position, that of the expatriate artist who succeeded superlatively. James suggests two reasons for Story's failure (although he was more than merely a popular success): first, that Story's artistic energy and devotion were diversified and consequently dissipated ("so restlessly, so sincerely aesthetic, and yet, constitutionally, so little insistent"); and second, that he was unable to enter fully into the experience held out to him by Europe, unable to drain the "Borgia cup," and so use his opportunity in a way different from that of the typical (and notorious) American tourist.

This biographical study is in the rich, complex style of James's "major phase." Its subject is interesting, and the author completely involved in it.

LYALL H. POWERS, instructor in English at the University of Wisconsin, did graduate work in French literature at the Sorbonne.

Beaverbrook's Closet History

MEN AND POWER: 1917-1918. By Lord Beaverbrook. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 448 pp. $6.50.

Keith Hutchison

BEAVERBROOK'S tremendous success as a newspaper publisher has been due, in large measure, to his genius for personalizing the news. So it is not surprising to find him personalizing history. His volume of memoirs covers the climax and conclusion of World War I but it treats the conflict itself as almost incidental. The author's concern is with the concurrent struggle in Whitehall between the military and the politicians, the brasshats and the "frocks" (i.e. frockcoats) to use General Sir Henry Wilson's famous epithet.

Although he, himself, did not take office until February, 1918, when he became Minister of Information, Beaverbrook was close to many members of the government and particularly intimate with Bonar Law, Tory leader and Lloyd George's second-in-command. Moreover, he has at his disposal both the Bonar Law Papers, which he inherited, and the Lloyd George Papers, which he purchased.

Clemenceau once remarked that war was far too important to leave to generals. Lloyd George had reason to agree, for in World War I the British military —and naval—chiefs too often proved hopelessly unimaginative about major strategy and the adoption of new tactics. At the same time they bitterly resented civilian interference and busied themselves with intrigues designed to undermine the authority of the War Cabinet.

THE brasshats in their fight for control of the war had formidable allies: powerful sections of the press; disgruntled politicians inside and outside the government; the King (George V), who is revealed in this book as stretching his constitutional powers to the limit, if not beyond, in efforts to thwart his Prime Minister. But Lloyd George had assets of his own: the complete loyalty of Bonar Law; the confidence of the people; the unshakeable conviction that he was the one man who could win the war. And he was much smarter than his adversaries. First, playing on jealousies between the services, he secured military aid to sink Admiral Jellicoe who was blocking adoption of the convoy system as a counter to the German submarine menace. Then he turned on the army and, after a prolonged fight, got rid of General Robertson, Chief of the Imperial General Staff. He sought also the dismissal of the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Douglas

KEITH HUTCHISON, is the author of The Decline and Fall of British Capitalism.

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Haig, and, although unsuccessful, did secure a limitation of his authority.

Curiously, Lloyd George's greatest apparent victory over the military was due to a mislaid memorandum. In May, 1918, he was publicly accused by General Maurice of giving Parliament inaccurate figures of British strength in France. The charge led to a crucial debate in Parliament in which the Premier triumphed by showing that Maurice himself had supplied the figures. This was true but the general had subsequently sent to 10 Downing Street a corrected statement. A few days after the debate, Frances Stevenson, one of Lloyd George's secretaries, was alone with J. T. Davies, another secretary, when he found this second statement in an inadvertently unopened dispatch box. He burnt it, remarking: "Only you and I, Frances, know of the existence of this paper." Beaverbrook has culled this story from the private diary of Lady Lloyd George—the former Frances Stevenson.

This, perhaps, is Beaverbrook's most sensational revelation. There are numerous others and the book should prove invaluable to historians. It is also excellent reading, for the author is a first-class reporter whose terse style is enlivened with a caustic wit which may be illustrated by his thumb-nail sketch of a pompous aristocrat:

> Curzon changed sides on almost every issue during his long career. Often undecided to desert a sinking ship for one that might not float, he would make up his mind to sit on the wharf for a day. He had many intimates, but none of them deplored his reverses in public life.

Kinds of Sovereignty

REVOLUTION ON EAST RIVER. By James Avery Joyce. Abelard-Schuman. 244 pp. $3.50.

Hugh B. Hester

THE AUTHOR of *Revolution on East River* will not be applauded by the daughters of the American Revolution nor other super-patriot groups: he uses facts and common sense to shoot holes through their two sacred cows, the sovereign nation-state and the Cold War. At the very start he states his main theme: "National sovereignty is on the way out and the sovereignty of man is on the way in." He follows this promptly with: "The United Nations is bigger than the sum of its parts," and gives as his purpose the problem of defining what that "extra something" is.

His description of the part played by the United States in bringing the new sovereignty into being is far from flattering, but in my opinion it is substantially correct. Concentration on communism, as he points out, has so enveloped us in the "fog of fear" that we have been unable to see and understand the new emancipation. Worse, he shows how the post-war "Maginot" mind has largely cancelled our democratic heritage and our economic strength. The static, therefore defensive, nature of our leadership is responsible for the neutrality of much of the underdeveloped area, now occupied by more than half the human race. He suggests that our support of governments medieval in structure and totalitarian in nature is not only wrong *per se*, but impossible of success.

While the new nations have been moving forward toward independence and cooperation—although not always in a straight line—the United States, he notes, has been sliding back into *interventionist* isolationism, apparently in the mistaken belief that participation or action, of whatever nature, is equivalent to international cooperation. President Eisenhower at Geneva in 1955, in the opinion of this reviewer, reversed the process, but his illness prevented him from following through. Soon thereafter, Mr. Dulles revived and revised the Truman Doctrine under the name of the Eisenhower Doctrine.

It is now more important than ever that the people of the United States, and especially their leaders, should see themselves as others see them. Mr. Joyce, an old friend and sound critic from Great Britain, holds up the mirror.

HUGH B. HESTER, Brigadier-General, U. S. Army (Ret.), has written extensively on politico-military subjects.

On A Horse Carved In Wood

for Robert and Carol Bly

The horses of the sea; remember
how the sea paws at its moving floor,
charging and failing. The mane on his
exact arched neck, carved in wood,
  matches
the tail at the bend of waves breaking
on opposite shores. He is the king
of the wild waves, charging and failing.
When master Zeus struck from the
  North, he
drove Poseidon the horse to the sea.
Sacred to Poseidon are both the
nimble dolphin and the stiff ash-tree.

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FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE QUALITY that good movies have in common is a current of action. The flow may be at any speed or at shifting speeds; the motion may be a forthright torrent or a perverse and intricate threading through rapids and meanders. But whatever its character, a good movie pushes on; it does not ebb and flow, nor backtrack to pick up alternate trails. A movie is a narrow strip of acetate thousands of yards long, and this physical shape urges a dramatic character on the form. The screen's natural subject is the chase, and when you cannot discover the chase in a picture the chances are that it is not a good movie.

It seems to me that I say something like this every six months. It is obvious enough and I'm sure the studios know it well. But ever and again they try to get away with a story that strikes them as a good commercial property, though its very structure is calculated to jam the camera sprockets.

The latest of these is Darryl Zanuck's *Island in the Sun,* directed by Robert Rossen from a novel by Alec Waugh. There are various things wrong with this picture, but the basic fault is that the story develops through the progress of four simultaneous romances. The script is forced to jump from one to another in consecutive and mechanical order; the picture backs and fills and breaks momentum every time the shift occurs. In the end it adds up to a prolonged stutter.

Mr. Waugh's theme, which is the breakdown of planter tradition in the British West Indies and the rise of the native population toward a position of political and social equality, involves the film in very "advanced" situations. Of the four couples, three are made up of a white man and a Negro woman, a Negro man and a white woman, the young heir to a title and a girl who thinks her grandfather was black until her mother makes a fateful confession. The man of the fourth pair does indeed descend from that grandmother; partly as a consequence, he kills an associate and is brought to justice by a well-read colonel of the constabulary who plays cat and Raskolnikov with him.

It is always gratifying when the movies whack away at a taboo—Hollywood is one of the few places in the world of entertainment still so crabbed by prohibitions that mere iconoclasm is a positive virtue. But iconoclasm is about all this picture has to offer. Harry Belafonte is not a dramatic actor; his night club mannerisms become poses and give his role of a native political leader a flavor of calculation that is too obvious to be interesting. James Mason, as the paranoid planter, is working again out of that pernicious text, *Handy Hints for Lazy Actors.* He is annoying, for he can do much better; or perhaps it is Rossen who is annoying for not making him come up to scratch.

Dorothy Dandridge is also inexperienced in character work; she takes her cue from Joan Fontaine, Diana Wynyard and Jane Collins, all of whom seem to be running inconsequential errands for the benefit of some fan magazine photographer.

THERE is a mockery implied in costarring Laurence Olivier and Marilyn Monroe. We are all supposed to be tickled by the notion of Hamlet cavorting on the same screen with America's most famous whistle girl. Well, in the first place, Olivier is by no means the dedicated priest of Shakespeare and the European classics that his overseas reputation makes him out to be. He is also a knockabout actor of great energy, great personal charm and a liberal slice of ham. And, in the second place, Miss Monroe has long since given up her flouncing and spectacular deep breathing and now applies herself to acting. What she can do is still limited to a basic manual of arms of dramatic expression, but in *The Prince and the Showgirl* it is easily as much as Mr. Olivier tries to do.

This is a Ruritanian romance—Carpathia is the country in question—whipped up by Terence Rattigan. It is a rather comical take-off on royal intrigue and naughtiness at the beginning of the century, and very prettily staged. If it har been played on the level it could have been a fine summer romp, but Olivier directs and acts it as

Love in a Grotto or The Scorpion's Courtship

When the cuckoo
Sings a spring song,
April stirs in the scorpion's blood;
His stinging tail
Quivers with love
And begins to flail.

He swishes lazily
From his warm hole
And selects a soft, solemn mate;
Then leaves the gloomy shade
To stand on his head in glee
And hook tails in the glade.

With measured steps
They weave in the dance,
Proudly he leads while moving backwards.
His needle claws nip
At her with love-pricks
In a sensual flip.

At last he leads her
To make love in a grotto;
But if this gay, dancing lover
Languishes too late,
He is eaten with fury
By his silent mate.

JAMES SCHEVILL

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a spoof of a spoof. Perhaps he felt that was the proper way to put himself in tune with his partner, but the effect is patronizing, and like most Americans I am sensitive to being fishy-eyed by Englishmen. I worked up considerable patriotic enthusiasm for Miss Monroe in the two hours of champagne, Carpathian jabber and monocle play.

She is a puzzle, though. Her face is china lovely and her figure is proverbial, though she stands badly. I think she is smart and I'm sure she works hard, but I begin to suspect that she has almost no physical coordination, ridiculous though that may sound. Among other things, acting is a kind of athletic skill, and Miss Monroe looks like a girl who would not develop a passable backhand in twenty years. It isn't so much that she is clumsy; it is rather that her gestures don't quite go where she obviously intends them. The result is a dutiful but imprecise obedience to what the director has just said.

There is no reason to take up so much space with her problems, except that she is trying to substitute skill for notoriety, a sufficiently unusual endeavor these days.

THE GREEK import, *Stella,* is part Italian neo-realism and part American rebellion without a cause. Its theme is a perfectly good one: some people—in this case a nightclub singer named Stella—grow up enough for passion, but not enough for love. This makes them run a lurid but pathetically innocent course of erotic adventure, causing a good deal of unhappiness to their succession of partners and ending in the lurch. The picture doesn't work because everyone, including the director, is imitating someone else (Melina Mercouri is, I think, imitating Ingrid Bergman with an octane boost from Sophia Loren). Only the Greek background speaks for itself—that and a brief dance by a chorus of young men whose slow, powerful, swooping cadences must be at least as old as Athens.

THE BRITISH detective yarn, *The Third Key,* works up to some brisk action in the last ten minutes. Before that it is a synthetic documentary of Scotland Yard's scientific sleuthing methods. In this case the master criminal's wickedly brilliant scheme was so neat that it stood out a mile and he was mathematically certain to be caught, microscope or no microscope. Jack Hawkins, whose large, slow bearishness and very masculine sentimentality make him the most American of British film stars, is the reluctantly relentless hunter.

RECORDS

Lester Trimble

A WHOLE school of young 12-tone composers attests that the Viennese atonalist, Anton Webern, was one of the bedrock figures of twentieth-century music. But until recently he has been almost unrepresented in the record catalogues, although Arnold Schoenberg and Alban Berg, compeers with whom he was in close association for an important part of his creative life, have long since been given expansive welcomes by the industry. Now Columbia offers a four-record album of his complete works, researched, annotated and conducted by the young American musician, Robert Craft. (K4L-232)

It is a remarkable album and a historical one. Until it was issued, only the professional musician of advanced predilections was likely to know much of Webern's music, and then only by deliberate study. Now that the music is available in aural form (which is the only way it really matters) we can all experience it and let our ears and psyches rejoice or repent as they will.

It is not really so strange that Webern should have come later to discs than did his two associates, for in many ways his music is more radical than theirs. Whereas Schoenberg and Berg frequently cast their works in classic or preclassic moulds, achieving length and coherence by the use of traditional techniques, Webern moved in another direction, toward concentration, prismatic coloration and brevity. The shortest work in his catalogue, the *Two Songs,* Opus 8, takes one minute and forty-five seconds to perform; and the majority of the pieces do not exceed four or five minutes. Compression of material and contrapuntal purity were Webern's objectives; expansion was not.

As for the longer works, I agree with Mr. Craft that the *Six Pieces* for Orchestra (9 minutes; 32 seconds) should some day become a part of the standard orchestral repertory. Every ingredient is present in them for both popular and

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intellectual success. They are brilliant, potent, incredibly cogent and colorful, and they present no more listening difficulty than does Stravinsky's popular *Rites of Spring*. In fact, I would recommend that anyone delving into the complete Webern recordings begin, not at the beginning, but with side two, which includes both the orchestral *Pieces* and the evanescent *Five Movements for String Quartet*.

Some of the songs, because of their wide-ranging, angular vocal lines, will shock a number of ears. Mine are by now fairly accustomed to the contours of Viennese atonal melody; yet they frequently protest. However, it should be said in defense of extreme angularity that it has a way of becoming plausible after a while. The sopranos who are heard on these discs (Grace-Lynne Martin and Marni Nixon) are the most sensitive and accurate atonal singers I have ever heard. Whether or not the vocal lines are finally accepted as pleasing, the refinement of Webern's thinking is made thoroughly evident by the performers, and his premises are revealed. This can be said of all the performances on these discs—chamber, vocal and orchestral. Robert Craft has completed an extremely difficult job with insight and distinction. Both he and Columbia have a right to feel proud.

OTHER works of unusual interest have recently been issued by Columbia. Kurt Weill's *The Seven Deadly Sins* (KL-5175), called a Ballet with Song, was composed in 1933, just after Weill escaped to Paris from Nazi Germany. George Balanchine was the choreographer; Bertolt Brecht wrote the libretto. Between the bitterness of the text and the wry, jazzy, tired-elegant sentiments of the music, this theatre work is a cynical shocker, as subtle and deadly as a snake.

Lotte Lenya, who sang in the original Paris production, is heard in this recording, and all the bittersweetness of the music hall rings and quavers in her voice. She sings the tale of twin sisters, both called Anna, who leave their family in "Louisiana on the Mississippi" to seek money in the cities. As they progress from city to city and sin to sin, every value is systematically twisted. Virtue, as preached by the practical twin and by the family (a male quartet—*Mama is a basso*), is in reality vice. The impractical Anna is as morally demolished in seven years as was the professor in *The Blue Angel* or the husband-victim in Thomas Mann's *Little Lizzie*. And, with all that, the music remains as sweet and deceptively ingenuous as popular song.

WILLIAM SCHUMAN'S *Credendum* (ML-5185) stands at an opposite pole from irony. It is abstract, monumental and straightforward, without being in the least heavy-handed about its serious feelings. Commissioned by the U. S. National Commission for UNESCO through the Department of State, it is in three sections called Declaration, Chorale and Finale. The opening is explosive, with great bursts of percussion interspersed among wide-flung assertions by the woodwinds; the Chorale is characterized by the coolly poignant string flow that Schuman creates so splendidly; the Finale flashes with rhythmic energy and organic instrumental color. It is a first-rate work, and full justice is done it by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Leon Kirchner's *Piano Concerto*, which occupies the second side of this disc, is an impressive, but not totally convincing work. In the opening Allegro, an interestingly grotesque atmosphere prevails. As the Concerto moves into its second and third movements, however, aggressiveness and ostentation become a bit tiresome, especially when they are asserted through rather empty moods and materials. Mitropoulos and the Philharmonic-Symphony of New York give the accompaniment an incisive reading; Kirchner himself is the soloist.

FINALLY, in the most innocent mood of all, comes Vaughan-Williams' *Fourth Symphony*, with Mitropoulos and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony. (ML-5158) I have never felt that this work represents the composer at a particularly eloquent level. The *Sixth Symphony*, for example, has far more verve and is up-to-date. But, though Vaughan-Williams does not always shake the earth with ideas, he usually finds something to say. His style is attractive; his writing is always competent. Mitropoulos, in this latest recording, infuses most passages with energy and lilt, although an atmosphere of routine and boredom does sneak in.

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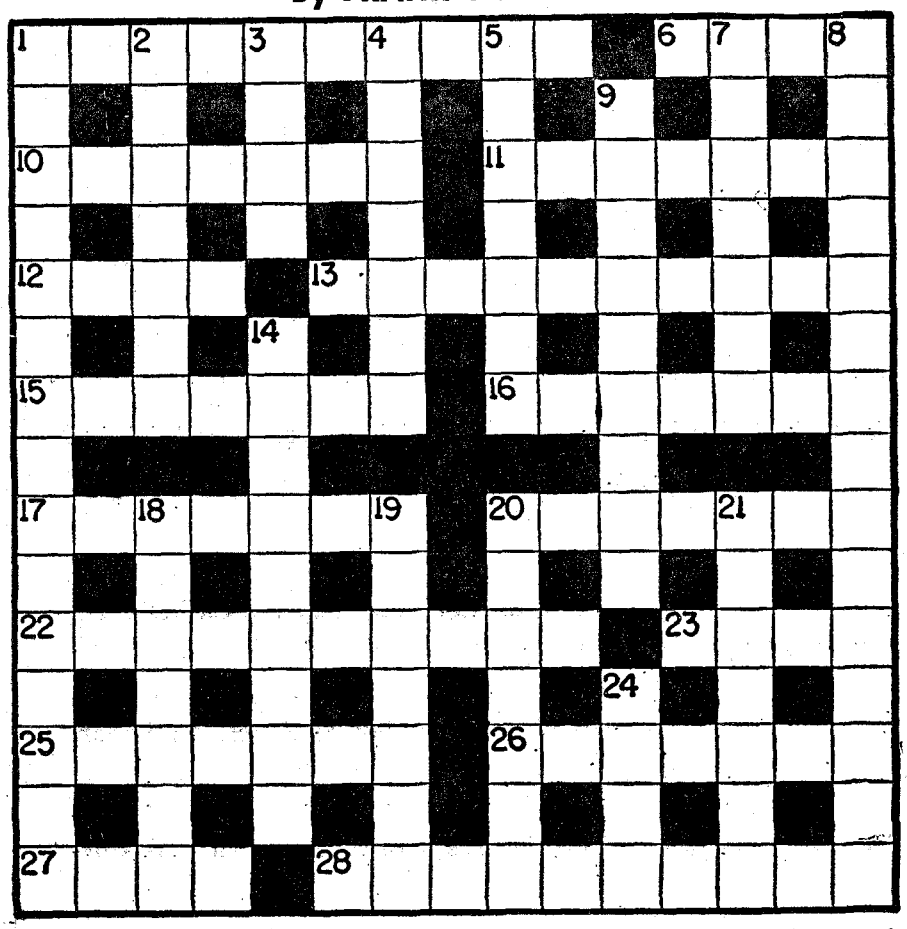
Crossword Puzzle No. 730

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Provincial and ungrammatical way of telling what certain spirits are. (They might take such an emphasized form.) (10)
6 Raised in celebration. (4)
10 Schubert's character sounds like a Jersey-Texas magnate. (7)
11 Weds as a convention right after this. (7)
12 Minor distant relatives of 10? (4)
13 Cut the measure of alcoholic content, perhaps. (It's one way to keep a party dry!) (10)
15 One might wangle an education, as is gathered inside. (7)
16 For the listener's comfort? (It's serious!) (7)
17 Colophons. (7)
20 In safekeeping, alternately in the coach. (7)
22 Being both yellow and ill-tempered —but in moderation! (6, 4)
23 A good old spot to harp on a sailor article. (4)
25 Not many of us can talk like this when disgraced. (2, 5)
26 Union territory, evidently, with flowers. (7)
27 Old lady 12? (4)
28 The cut of the oarsman in the race? (10)

DOWN:

1 What at least some of our friends speak might have been said about George! (3, 5, 7)
2 Measure himself according to the Romans? (Watch out for the curve!) (7)
3 Grafting might involve such an error. (4)
4 Sluggish. (7)
5 Going to either doesn't imply the 22. (7)
7 Is a different color of ore sold here? (3, 4)
8 The phlegmatic don't run away with what one holds. (3, 3, 3, 6)
9 This stew has plenty of peas in it! (6, 3)
14 Quite often vested in politics. (9)
18 Steer down? It might be the aim of one who does. (7)
19 Get the sow home, one way or another. (7)
20 A pair of horses with a broken leg for the boss. (7)
21 Mobile state. (7)
24 If you call to these, attack should be imminent. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 729

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